The Independent.

J. W. ROBERTS, Editor and Proprietor.

Devoted to Agiculture, Mechanics, Arts, News, and General Literature.

VOLUME V. NUMBER 27. OSKALOOSA, KANSAS, MARCH 4, 1865. WHOLE NUMBER. 235.

Selected Poetry.

MAKE HOME PLEASANT.

There is much of the true philosophy of life in the following lines. A flower or a smile will do more towards making home a happy place than marble walls or frescoed adornings; and cheerfulness and affection will do more to remind one of the lost joys of Eden than all the costly furniture the ingenuity of man has devised:

More than building showy mansion,
More than dress and fine array,
More than name, or tinseled glory,
More than station, power or sway,
Make your home both neat and tasteful,
Bright and pleasant, always fair,
Where each heart shall rest contented,
Grateful for each beauty there.

More than lofty, swelling titles,
More than fashion's luring glare,
More than Mammon's gilded honors,
More than thought can well compare,
See that home is made attractive,
By surroundings pure and bright;
Trees arranged with taste and order,
Flowers with all their sweet delight.

Seek to make your home most lovely;
Let it be a smiling spot,
Where, in sweet contentment resting,
Care and sorrow are forgot;
Where the flowers and trees are waving,
Birds will sing their sweetest songs;
Where the purest thoughts will linger,
Confidence and love belongs.

There, each heart will rest contented,
Seldom wishing far to roam;
Or, if roaming, still we cherish
Memories of that pleasant home.
Such a home makes man the better;
Good and lasting its control—
Home, with pure and bright surroundings,
Leaves its impress on the soul.

Selected Sketch.

WORK AND WORRY.

I have two neighbors who interest me considerably. For some time past I have been observing them pretty closely—observing them as a philosopher. The humanitary aspect of the case I keep out of sight as much as possible, as that would disturb my mind. A philosopher, you know, must be in a serene atmosphere. One of my neighbors is a poor woman, with four children wholly dependent on her labor for food and clothing. The other is the wife of a citizen comfortably well off, and has servants to do the work of her household.

Is it about two years since I commenced observing them, and both have failed considerably in that time. If the work of exhaustion continues as rapid as it has been going on for the past twelve months, it will take but a year or two more to complete their life histories. My poor neighbor, I think, will hold out the longest, as the disease from which she is suffering does not break down the constitution so quickly as the one that has robbed my other neighbor's cheeks of their bloom, and her step of its lightness.

Yesterday, I called in to see Mrs. M——, my poor neighbor. I found her standing over a wash-tub, with a pale, weary face. It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and, from the quantity and condition of her work, it was plain that she had yet two hours of exhausting labor before her.

"Always hard at work, Mrs. M——," said I.

"Yes," she answered with a faint smile, "I and work are old friends."

"Work," I remarked, "is a friend that sticks to some people even closer than a brother."

"You may well say that," was her reply to this, with an amused expression on her face; "I am work's favorite sister."

I smiled, in return, and said:

"You manage to keep cheerful with it all, Mrs. M——."

"Not always cheerful and never very sad; I sing at my work sometimes, and that makes it lighter."

I glanced around the room. To my eyes everything wore a cheerless aspect. Two neglected children were playing on the floor. Perhaps I ought not to say neglected, for their faces were clean, and their clothes not in a very bad condition. Yet it was plain to see that the mother's hands were too fond of work to care for them properly.

"Singing," said I, "is better than sighing. I am glad you have heart enough to sing at your work."

"Why shouldn't I? Everybody has to work; some harder than others, it is true; but it all goes in the life-time. I am too thankful to get work, to sit down and cry over it."

"And so you sing to make it lighter?"

"Yes," she answered, in a quiet way.

"Your health is not very good?" said I.

"Not so good as it was a year ago. I tire more quickly and suffer oftener with bad headaches. Of late I have been a good deal troubled with a pain in my side. But I try not to think of it. Thinking about pains and troubles, you know, always make them worse.

"I know some people," said I, "who would be happier than they are if they had a few grains of your philosophy."

"Our minister says that we make, for the most part, our world of happiness or misery. And I believe him. Why, if I gave way to gloomy thoughts, I should make myself wretched all the day long. But what would be the use of that? It wouldn't lighten my work any, but make it heavier; and dear above knows, it is heavy enough now! Some one has said that worry kills quicker than work. It is as much as I can do to keep up under the burden of work; worry, and I would break down in a week. I don't trouble myself a great deal about what I can't help, and try to act on the precept of the Good Book, which says: "take no thought for the morrow." The truth is, it's as much as I can do to take thought for each day as it comes along. We only have a day at a time, you know, and it's my belief that, if we improve our to-days rightly, God will take care of our to-morrows.

Mrs. M—— bent down over her washing-tub and resumed her work, adding as she did so:

"But we must improve our nows as well as our to-days. I've got full two hours' work ahead of me, and mustn't stand idling."

I sat a while longer, talking with Mrs. M——, and then retired, saying to myself, "Poor woman! your work is too hard for you. It is wasting your life away. Your slender frame was never made for toil like this."

Passing from the door of my humble neighbor, I crossed the street, and rang the bell at a house of more imposing aspects than hers. A servant showed me into a handsomely furnished parlor, where I waited several minutes for the lady on whom I had called.

"Are you sick, Mrs. B——?" said I, as I took her hand, and looked with concern into my neighbor's pale, troubled face.

"Not sick," she answered, "but worried half out of my life. Sit down—I am glad to see you."

"What has happened to worry you?" I inquired; "anything more than usual?

"There's always something more than usual happening in this house," she replied in a fretful way; "it seems to me that nothing goes right. Just come up stairs and I'll show you something."

She arose and I followed her, ascending to the chamber on the next floor. It had been newly papered, I saw at a glance.

"Now just look at that border!" she said pointing upward. Isn't it horrid? It spoils the whole effect of the room. The piece I chose was lovely. What possessed the man to substitute this, is more than I can tell. He came while I was out, and the room was finished when I returned."

I looked at the border, but made no remark.

"Did you ever see anything so outlandish?" said Mrs. B——, with an expression of disgust on her face.

I suppose it must be set down to my want of taste in things ornamental, but I could not see in what the border was out of keeping with the style of paper. To me it was very neat and appropriate.

"I can never endure it!" ejaculated Mrs. B——, in a disturbed manner; "never!—the man must take it off. It will be a constant eye sore. And just look how poorly he has matched the pattern under the window."

I looked to the place indicated, but my eyes failed to see the defect. On going nearer, however, I noticed a very slight deviation from the right line of contact between two parts of a grape-leaf. My wonder was, how Mrs. B—— had managed to discover the fact. I am sure it would not have been revealed to one pair of eyes in a hundred.

"There's no trusting anybody to do things right," continued Mrs. B——, in a nervous, complaining way. "As if I hadn't enough to worry me already, this must be added! It has set my head to aching as if it would burst."

"How's little Freddy?" I asked, wishing to turn her thoughts to something more pleasant.

"I'm dreadfully worried about him," she replied—the troubled aspect of her face taking on a new and more painful character.

"Is he sick?"

"No, he's not just sick; but I expect he will be. Only to think of it! I sent the nurse out with him yesterday, to get the fresh air. She was gone a long time; so long that I got very uneasy. I questioned her closely when she came back, and—would you believe it?—the creature owned to have been to see some of her Irish friends somewhere in the lower part of the town. Of course, it was in some low, dirty hovel, and among filthy, diseased children. Who knows but my little Freddy has been exposed to the infection of small-pox or scarlet fever? Why, I hardly slept an hour at a time all night thinking about it. He looked heavy and drooping this morning, and I sent for the doctor."

"What did he say?" I asked.

"Oh!" she replied, "doctors never give you any satisfaction. He made light of the matter, of course. But I understood the meaning of that. He didn't wish to alarm me. I shan't have a moment's peace of mind for a week to come."

I suggested that it was only conjectured as to the child's having been exposed to disease; and that she might be fretting herself to no purpose. This, instead of allaying, seemed to increase her disturbance of mind. So I tried a new subject, seizing upon the first one that presented itself. I knew that she had had, a few weeks before, a first rate cook.

"Lucy still gives satisfaction?"

"Yes," she replied; "but I don't expect her to stay."

"Why not?"

"Oh, girls that are worth having never stay. She's the best cook I ever had; but I expect every day to receive notice that she is going to leave us."

I smiled in spite of the solemn face that looked into mine.

"I am afraid you take trouble on interest, Mrs. B—— Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Enjoy your good cook while you have her. It will be time enough to be uncomfortable when she leaves, and that may not be in the next five years."

"It's easy enough to talk," replied Mrs B——, a little impatiently, "but, if you'd passed through what I have—"

She stopped suddenly, bent her head toward the door, and listened.

"That's Freddy, now."

I heard the child's waking cry.

"Come with me to the nursery," said Mrs. B——, moving toward the door. I followed. The child had just awakened from a long nap, and was fretting, as we often see children when aroused from sleep.

'Just look how red his face is!' exclaimed Mrs. B——; 'are you sick, darling?' and she gathered him up in her arms. 'Just feel his hand—it is burning with fever.'

I took the soft little hand in mine, and held it for a few moments to mark the degree of heat. To me there was nothing beyond the warmth of vigorous health.

'There's no fever here, Mrs. B——,' said I, confidently.

'Yes, there is,' she replied. 'He's got a high fever. Is your throat sore, darling?'

Freddy put his hand to his neck, and swallowed once or twice.

'Does it hurt, love?'

The child nodded his head in assent.

The face of Mrs. B—— grew suddenly pale as ashes.

'There, I knew it! I knew it. He's getting the scarlet fever. Oh, dear!' And she laid her face down among her child's sunny curls, and sobbed wildly.

'Pray, don't distress yourself, Mrs. B——; Freddy is not sick,' I urged. But my words had no effect upon her. She sobbed on for some minutes, until agitation exhausted itself.

'Will you ring the bell,' she asked at length, looking at me with a sad, tearful face.

I pulled the bell rope, and the nurse came in almost immediately.

'You must go for the doctor,' said Mrs. B——, 'Freddy is sick. He's getting the scarlet fever.'

The girl looked frightened, and went hurridly from the room.

'Don't be alarmed, my dear Mrs. B——,' said I, trying to re-assure her; 'I'm sure Freddy's not sick. Why his hand is no hotter than mine.' As I took his hand again, my own came in contact with hers. It was as cold as marble. No wonder the babe's soft, warm flesh was burning to her touch.

'Feel my hand,' I said; 'mine and Freddy's together, and see which is the hotest.'

'You have fever,' she replied.

'No,' said I, 'your hand is icy cold. It has deceived you. Freddy has no fever.'

By the time the doctor had arrived, Freddy was playing around the floor as lively as a cricket, and I had convinced Mrs. B—— that he was in no immediate danger, but the mother was in most need of medical attention. Her nervous fears had so exhausted her that she was unable to hold her head up. She was lying on the sofa when the doctor came, her face of a deathly hue. He scolded her soundly, saying that she would kill herself, if she went on this way; made a presciption for her, scarcely noticing the child, and went off. As my presence could hardly be agreeable to either party I retired also, pondering the case in my philosophical way.

'Worry is worse than work,' said I, 'without any doubt. If Mrs. B—— keeps on after this fashion, she'll shuffle off her mortal coil in less time than poor Mrs. M——.'

On the next morning, I saw Mrs. M——, bright and early, on her way to a neighbor's house, where the day was to be spent at the ironing-table; her children remaining at home in the care of their eldest sister—herself but a child.

'How's Mrs. B——?' I asked of the nurse, whom I saw standing at the door about ten o'clock, with Freddy in her arms. The child looked the very picture of health.

Sick in bed, ma'am,' she replied.

'Indeed, what ails her,' I asked.

'Oh ma'am,' she worried herself sick a bit of use; nothing at all was the matter with him, dear little fellow.'

I passed on, saying to myself: 'Yes, Mrs M—— was right; worry kills quicker than work. If Mrs B—— keeps on as fast as she is now going, she will get to the end of her journey long before her hard-toiling neighbor.

I shall look in upon both of them again before long, and if I see any new aspects worth recording, the reader may hear something more of my two neighbors, who are slowly exhausting their natural life—one by work, the other by worry.

Biographical.

NANCY HART.

At the period of the commencement of the Revolutionary war, a district of country had been organized in the state of Georgia, comprising a large territorial extent, from Newsom's ponds to the Cherokee corner, near Athens, and from Savannah river on the east to Ogechee river and Shoulder-bone on the west. This district formed one county, which received the name of Wilkes, in honor of a distinguished English Whig politician. The majority of its population, when hostilities commenced, espoused the Whig cause. The name given by the Tories to this section of the state was "The Hornet's Nest," and the people received the name of "Mohawks," on account of their bitter hostility to the king's authority. Near Dye's and Webb's ferries on Broad river, now in Elbert county, was a stream known as "War-woman's creek." Its name was derived from the character of an individual who lived near the entrance of the stream into the river. This person was Nancy Hart, a woman ignorant of letters and the civilities of life, but a zealous lover of liberty and the "liberty boys," as she called the Whigs. She had a husband, whom she denominated "a poor stick," because he did not take a decided and active part with the defenders of his country, although she could not conscientiously charge him with the least partiality towards the Tories. This vulgar and illiterate, but hospitable and valorous female patriot, could boast no share of beauty—a fact she herself would have readily acknowledged had she ever enjoyed an opportunity of looking in a mirror. She was cross-eyed, with a broad angular mouth, ungainly in figure, rude in speech and awkward in manners, but having a woman's heart for her friends, though that of a Catrine Montour for the enemies of her country. She was well known to the Tories, who stood in fear of her revenge for any grievance or aggressive act, though they let pass no opportunity of worrying and annoying her when they could do so with impunity.

On an occasion of an excursion from the British camp at Augusta, a party of Tories penetrated into the interior, and having savagely murdered Col. Dooly in bed, in his own house, they proceeded up the country for the purpose of perpetrating further atrocities. On their way, a detatchment of five of the party divergad to the east, and crossed Broad river, to make discoveries about the neighborhood, and pay a visit to their old acquaintance, Nancy Hart. On reaching her cabin, they entered it unceremoniously, receiving from her no welcome but a scowl; and informed her they had come to know the truth of a story current respecting her, that she had secreted a noted rebel from a company of king's men who were pursuing him, and who, but for her aid, would have caught and hung him. Nancy undauntedly acknowledged her agency in the fugitive's escape. She told them she had at first heard the tramp of a horse rapidly approaching, and had then seen a horseman coming towards her cabin. As he came nearer, she knew him to be a Whig and flying from pursuit. She let down the bars a few steps from her cabin, and motioned him to enter, to pass through both doors front and rear, of her single-roomed house; to take the swamp, and secure himself as well as he could. She then put up the bars, entered her cabin, closed the doors, and went about her business—Presently some Tories rode up to the bars, and called out boisterously to her. She muffled her head and face, and opening the door, inquired why they disturbed a sick, lone woman. They said they had traced a man they wanted to catch, near her house; and asked if any one on horseback had passed that way. She answered no, but she saw somebody on a sorrel horse turn out of the path into the woods some two or three hundred yards back. "That must be the fellow," said the Tories; and asking her direction as to the way he took, they turned about and went off. "well fooled," said Nancy, "in an opposite course to that of my Whig boy; when, if they had not been so lofty-minded, but had looked on the ground inside the bars, they would have seen his horse's tracks up to that door, as plain as you can see the tracks on this here floor, and out of 'tother door down the path to the swamp."

This bold story did not much please the Tory party, but they could not wreak their vengeance upon the woman daring aid to a rebel, and the cheat she had put upon his pursuers, otherwise than by ordering her to aid and comfort them by giving them something to eat. She replied that she never fed the king's men if she could help it; the villians had put it out of her power to feed her own family and friend's, by stealing and killing all her poultry and pigs—"except that old gobbler you see in the yard."

"Well, and that you shall cook for us," said one, who appeared the head of the party, and raising his musket he shot down the turkey, which another of the men brought into the house and handed to Mrs. Hart to clean and cook without delay. She stormed and swore awhile—for Nancy occasionally swore—but seeming, at last, resolved to make a merit of necessity, began with alacrity the arrangements for cooking, assisted by her daughter, a little girl some ten or twelve years old, and sometimes by one of the soldiers with whom she seemed in a tolerably good humor, exchanging rude jests with him. The Tories, pleased with her freedom, invited her to partake of the liquor they had brought with them, an invitation which was accepted with witty thanks.

The spring, of which every settlement has one near at hand, was just at the edge of the swamp, and a short distance within the swamp was a high snag-topped stump, on which was placed a conch shell. This rude trumpet was used by the family to give information, by means of a variation of notes, to Mr Hart, or his neighbors who might be at work in a field or clearing just beyond the swamp, that the "Britishers," or Tories were about; that the master was wanted at the cabin, or that he was to "keep close," or make tracks for another swamp. Pending the operation of cooking, Mrs. Hart had sent her daughter Sukey to the spring for water, with directions to blow the conch for her father in such a way as would inform him there were Tories in the cabin, and that he was to "keep close" with his three neighbors who were with him till he should hear the conch again.

The party had become merry over their jug, and sat down to feast upon the slaughtered gobler. They had cautiously stacked their arms where they were in view and within reach; and Mrs. Hart, assidious in her attentions upon the table and to her guests, occasionally passed between them and their muskets. Water was called for, and as there was none in the cabin—Mrs. Hart having so contrived that—Sukey was again sent to the spring, instructed by her mother to blow the conch so as to call up Mr. Hart and his neighbors immediately.—Meanwhile, Mrs. Hart had slipped out one of the pieces of pine which constitutes a "chinking" between the logs of a cabin, and had dextrously put out of the house through that space, two of the five guns. She was detected in the act of putting out the third. The party sprang to their feet. Quick as thought, Mrs. Hart brought the piece she held to her shoulder, and declared she would kill the first man who approached her. All were terror-struck, for Nancy's obliquity of sight caused each one to imagine her aim was at him. At length one of them made a motion to advance upon her. True to her threat, she fired. He fell dead upon the floor! Instantly seizing another musket, she brought it to the position in readiness to fire again. By this time Sukey had returned from the spring, and taking up the remaining gun carried it out of the house, saying to her mother, "Daddy and them will soon be here." This information increased the alarm of the Tories, who understood the necessity of recovering their arms immediately. But each hesitated, in the confident belief that Mrs. Hart had one eye on him as a mark—They proposed a general rush. No time was to be lost by the bold woman; she fired again, and brought down another Tory. Sukey had another musket in readiness, which her mother took, and posting herself in the door-way, called upon them to "surrender their d——d Tory carcasses to a Whig woman." They agreed to surrender, and proposed to "shake hands upon the strength of it;" but the conqueror kept them in their places for a few moments, till her husband and their neighbors came up to the door. They were about to shoot down the Tories, but Mrs. Hart stopped them, saying they had surrendered to *her*, and, her spirit being up to boiling heat, she swore that "shooting was too good for them." This hint was enough. The dead man was dragged out of the house; the wounded tory and the others were bound, taken out beyond the bars, and hung! The tree upon which they were swung was pointed out in 1838, by one who lived in those bloody times, and who also showed the spot once occupied by Mrs. Hart's cabin, accompanying the designation with this emphatic remark—"Poor Nancy! she was a honey of a patriot, but a devil of a wife!"

DIFFICULTY AND EFFORT.—It is not ease but effort; not facility, but difficulty that makes men. There is, perhaps, no station in life in which difficulties have not been encountered and overcome before any decided measure of success can be achieved; those difficulties are, however, our best instructors. perience. We learn wisdom from failure more than from our success; we often discover what *will do*, by finding out what will not do; and he who never made a mistake, never made a discovery. Horne Tooke used to say of his studies in intellectual philosophy that he had become all the better acquainted with the country though having the good luck sometimes to lose his way. And a distinguished investigator in physical science has left it on record that whenever in the course of his researches, he encountered an apparently insuperable obstacle, he generally found himself on the brink of some novel discovery. The very greatest things—great thoughts, discoveries, inventions—have generally been nurtured in hardship, pondered over in sorrow, and at length established with difficulty. Beethoven said of Rossini, that he had in him the stuff to have made a good musician, if he had only, when a boy, been well flogged; but he had been spoilt by the facility with which he produced. Men who feel their strength within them, need not fear to encounter adverse opinions; they have far greater reason to fear undue praise and too friendly criticism. When Mendelssohn was about to enter the orchestra at Birmingham, on his first performance of his "Elijah," he said laughingly to one of his friends and critics, "Stick your claws into me! Don't tell me what you like, but what you don't like!" It has been said, and truly, that it is the defeat that tries the general more than the victory. Washington lost far more battles than he gained; but he succeeded in the end. The Romans, in their most victorious campaigns, almost invariably began with defeats. Moreau used to be compared by his companions to a drum, which nobody hears of, except it be beaten. Wellington's military genius was perfected by encounters with difficulties of apparently the most overwhelming character, but which only served to nerve his resolution, and bring out more prominently his great qualities as a man and a general. So the skillful mariner obtains his best experience amid storms and tempests, which train him to self reliance, courage and the highest discipline, and we probably owe to rough seas and wintry nights the best training of our race of British seamen, who are certainly not surpassed by any in the world.—*Self Help.*

Farm and Household.

Breeding Horses.

A great effort has been made in this country to make the public believe that stallions of the racing breed, or so called thorough-breds, are the only ones which should be used for the propagation of all kinds of horses, except, perhaps, those for heavy draft. Most persons who advocate this course, refer to English practice as a supposed basis of their views. That the modern system of breeding in England has to some extent favored the idea alluded to, must be admitted; but this does not settle the question of its utility, nor does it prove that the system, even in that country, is universally allowed to be the best. It is a subject on which there has been much discussion in the English agricultural and sporting journals, and it would be well if some of the advisers on horse-breeding in our country would make themselves more thoroughly acquainted with the arguments and results which have been developed across the water.

We have lately met with some remarks on this subject by a correspondent of Bell's Life in London, which we deem particularly appropriate, and well worthy the attention of such of our readers as are interested in matters of this kind. The writer of the article to which we have alluded, is well known through several of the English papers under the *nom de plume* of "North Countryman." His subject is "The Horse Classes at Agricultural Shows," and under this head he proceeds to speak of the prize offered by the Royal Agricultural Society, for the "best thorough-bred stallion for getting hunters, &c." On this point he says: "Now, I would leave out the word *thorough bred*, and put it 'the best stallion calculated for getting hunters,' and for this reason—that I have seen very bad, weedy horses gain prizes, and fine, bony horses refused because of a *stain* in their pedigrees." He admits the value of the thorough-bred, "if he possesses power and action," but this, he says, "is so often wanting" that he would encourage a class "quite independent of the race-horse." He continues:

"I am quite able to prove that many of our best strong hunters are got by half-bred horses. In Lincolnshire, many horses, sold at high prices, have been got by half-bred sons of old Mundig; and another class of horses, such as Gobbo, Wild Hero, &c., are excluded by a stain from taking prizes, though more worthy than half the cat-legged Bay Middletons which fill the lists. We know the old adage, that 'Like begets like;' we see its truth daily before our eyes, yet we go on forever expecting to get pleasant riding horses from a race which are taught from infancy to go on their shoulders; for nine out of ten of properly with their hind legs under them. Hence arises the everlasting complaint that a good-shouldered horse is all but impossible to find."

The defective shoulders of the modern race-horse, as a class—both in this country and England—has often attracted the attention of good judges in reference to the points required in the hackney, roadster or trotter. The writer from whom we have quoted, remarks further, that "To sum up, we can't be far wrong, if, putting aside the race-horse solely as a race-horse, *i. e.*, as a Derby or St. Ledger winner, and consequently unfitted to our purpose, either from his high value for the turf on the one hand, or his want of value for our present purpose, from want of shape, power, &c., on the other, we give valuable prizes for the best stallions for getting hunters," &c. He contends that it should be the duty of the judges to prefer a horse of fine symmetry and known reputation, though his pedigree may be *stained*, to "most of the racing stallions in England," as it is reasonable to suppose that the progeny of such a horse would be better than "stock bred from horses which, as before remarked, have for generations been taught to go on their shoulders, and have, therefore, lost that elasticity which makes the horse a safe conveyance, either on the road or across the country."

He says: "I could, if I had space, analyze the crack stallions in England, and show how many among them are, from make and shape, totally unfitted to insure success to the breeder for general useful purposes; and doing so, I could point out more than one Derby winner of the most faulty shape, which proves that many a horse, most brilliant on the turf, may be a positive poison to the utility of the race in future generations; and as an instance, I should say that Bay Middleton, the most brilliant race-horse of any period, has poisoned our blood for all useful purposes, and owing to his own great renown, his sons are scattered broadcast over the land."

These remarks deserve special notice in connection with a position which we have often insisted on, viz: that the form which may make the best racer, or confer the greatest speed in the gallop, is not that which we should look for in the roadster, or any horse for useful purposes. The reference to Bay Middleton is in point. He is represented to have been very tall in proportion to his weight, his legs being very long and his body small. Although he was, as is above said, "the most brilliant race-horse of any period," we have often heard the remark in England, that his progeny generally had no merit as serviceable horses.

"North Countryman" closes by saying: "It is desirable that for our hunters, our hackneys, and our carriage-horses, we should not blindly rely on the race-horse as the only fountain head. I want to see more power, more symmetry, and higher capacities to undergoing the labors of the field and the road, than I think the general run of our horses possess." Hence he looks to other sources than the race-horse for the means of obtaining this superior power, symmetry, &c.—*Boston Cultivator.*